

The Brat Attack, Your Comfort Is Killing Me

They would never predict the fall
The one that destroys us all
The revolution never came to a crawl
Burning cocktails for broken dreams
Your comfort is killing me
It is that now dead at your door
Are screaming for class war
So many wars we have won
But the battle has just begun
Our anger burns hotter than the sun.
Storm the streets into the night
A blood spilled corporate fight
As we unite they are full of fright.
City by city, we take it all back
Set for the next waves of attack
This is the new plague with cold eyes
Staring behind a black mask
Gone are the days of a passive yesterday
Never no more will we see a government betray
Corporations of nations, their moneys foundation
Big business giving politicians a wealthy masturbation